

## Lights by obeydontstray

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**Summary:** (Revamped) Joyce doesn't know how to deal with things like Christmas lights anymore. Hopper says it's a matter of making new memories with them. Maybe the lights have a new message for her. (Post series one shot)

## Lights

Last step in the cleaning process. First step had been the charred, bloody hallway. Now Joyce stood looking at the wall in her plastic covered living room with a clean roller in her hand. Several new rolls of floral wallpaper sat at her feet. Behind her Hopper put the finishing touches on the sheetrock he'd repaired over the hole she'd made.

"Ready to start wallpapering?" He asked over his shoulder and when she didn't respond, he turned to see her staring at the christmas lights that still hung on the wall.

"I don't know if I'll ever see stuff like Christmas lights the same ever again."

His hand found the small of her back, hovering over the fabric of her tank top. "In a few weeks people will start decorating for Christmas and you'll feel different about it. I know you love Christmas." He offered, trying his best to comfort her.

"That was before the monster and mysterious little girl and goddamn Christmas lights being the only link to my boy."

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He stepped past her and reached up, pulling the string of lights down and catching the thumbtacks as he went. When he finished pulling them down he set the tacks aside and plugged the lights in, holding them out to her. "You just have to make new memories with stuff like this. Maybe they have a different message for you now."

She scoffed, her arms crossed over her chest. "Like what?"

Gently he pushed her back on the plastic covered couch that had been moved to the center of the room and spread the mass of blinking lights over her upper body. He stood back and observed his handiwork with a playful grin, forever grateful that the boys weren't home. "Very cute, Hopper."

She was beautiful lying there in the sea of multicolored lights. He placed a knee between her legs on the couch, moving to lean over her body.

"Hopper what-" She began but he cut her off. "I think I'm getting some sort of message here..." A red bulb flashed on her shoulder and he kissed the thin fabric of her tank top there. A blue one flashed on her stomach and he bunched up the material there, kissing smooth skin. A white bulb on her throat flashed and his beard lightly scratched her skin as he kissed her there.

"What kinda message ya getting here, Chief?" She asked slyly as he followed a green light and kissed the material over her chest, his hand moving under her shirt between the warmth of the lights and the material of her bra.

"Make-" he kissed a blue spot on her arm.

"love-" then a green light on her neck.

"to-" a red light on her breast.

"me." He finished his sentence, moving to kiss her lips while his hand roamed beneath her shirt.

"Bedroom?" She breathed into his mouth and he nodded, moving her legs to wrap around him. As he carried her the lights pulled from between them, leaving a lighted trail to her room.

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The strand ended with a blue bulb just inside her bedroom door and it shined in the dark room, casting a faint blue hue over everything. Clothes landed haphazardly around the room as they stripped themselves and each other. He covered her torso with kisses, his hands traveling her sides. She made little noises under him and it spurred him on. He expertly reached under her and unclasped her bra, tossing it in the corner. His hand moved lower under her panties and with a few expert circular motions she began squirming against him. She kissed at the grin on his face as he worked. Slowly he kissed his way down to where his hand was working, and taking a moment

to free her of her underwear, took over with his mouth, staring up at her with eyes darkened with passion. She grasped at his hair, gasping and bucking beneath him until she reached the edge and fell over, his hands around her thighs keeping her from lifting off the bed.

"Oh God Hop-"

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He moved to her side and kissed her, laying down and wrapping his arm around her middle. The other arm he buried under his pillow, bracing it under his head as they both caught their breath.

"Oh Jim." She panted, turning to plant a kiss on his chest.

"You okay?" He asked, brushing her hair back from her face.

"More than okay." She smiled before she kissed him.

"Ready for round two?" He grinned and reached for the condom in his wallet. He rolled it on but before he could move over her she pushed him onto his back. She braced herself with a hand above his heart as she slid down on him, pausing when he filled her completely. He moaned into her mouth as they kissed. It was his turn to call her name as she began to move slowly. His hands gripped her hips as she moved, setting the pace for them. She sat back on her heels as she moved and her hands glided over her own body, putting on a show for him. With his thumb he began working lazy circles over her center, making her pace more erratic.

He sat up fully and rolled her over onto her back, taking his place between her thighs once again. He took one of her hands and moved it to her center, encouraging her to pick up where he left off as he began to move inside her. They fed their sounds to each other's mouths as they moved, working together to reach that peak. Her free hand left faint red scratch marks down his chest and he bit at her bottom lip.

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"Jim I'm gonna-"

"Right behind you. Just keep going." He encouraged, his movements becoming faster and harder. Her grip tightened on his upper arms as she tumbled over the edge first and his movements became erratic as he followed behind, spending himself. He buried his face in her neck as they rode out the high together. She peppered the side of his face with small kisses, her hands back in his hair.

"God. Joyce." He lay between her legs, his weight braced on his elbows at her sides. She kept her legs around his waist, enjoying the feeling of still having him inside.

"Oh my god." He panted, placing small kisses on her tummy. "I love you so much." Her nails lightly scratched at his scalp.

"I love you more." She replied, rubbing the short hairs at the back of his neck.

"Feel better about Christmas lights now?" He asked before moving up to kiss her.

"Definitely."